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Lehigh REVIEW



Passing In

REVIEW

● COVER

We couldn't remember in which game the action at left took place, so we showed the picture to our assistant editor Howard Lewis and asked him. "I don't know," he said, "but if we could remember in which game Lehigh completed a pass we'd have the answer." No wise-cracks! The game, we finally learned, is the P.M.C. victory and the Lehigh receiver is Jack Kromer. Too seldom do pretty Lehigh rooters like Pat Pringle (Cedar Crest '41) below see anguish on the face of a Lehigh opponent as plain as that on the mug of the Military man.

● BITTER PILL

Lafayette is going to mop up the field with Lehigh. We hope we're wrong, but all indications point that way. The Eastonians beat N. Y. U. And N. Y. U. beat us to a 45-0 pulp. However, this is a tradition game and anything may happen including the team playing over its head. We hope it does, but as long as our teams remain over, please

Stoumen

N O V E M B E R • 1 9 3 8

Harchar

FOOTBALL FACES (Caricature)	Richard Gowdy....	5
SNAKE JOB (Story)	Eric Weiss....	7
ANALYSIS OF WAR	Dr. James L. Graham....	8
BERMUDA CRUISE (Story)	Frank Norris....	10
A COACH'S DREAM (Poem)	William Sheridan....	12
"BILLIE"	Robert C. Muir....	13
IS JAZZ ART?	Rosenstein and Finger....	15

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Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are Soothing to the Nerves

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P A S S I N G I N R E V I E W

... from the cover

honestly amateur and those of our opponents paid professional ("scholarship" is just a pretty word) we can expect a nook behind the eight ball. As one of Lehigh's footballers put it to us: "Lehigh sends David out every Saturday to kill Goliath and forgets to give him a sling-shot."

Our sad guess is Lafayette 34, Lehigh 6. Lafayette, we are here with our pants down!

● YOU CAD, SIR!

Houseparty is over and most of the best Houseparty stories have been uncovered or made up by the B. & W.'s Side-Hill-Dodger. But we heard a new one that tops all hell. It's so crude, it's not even funny.

Elmer (we'll call him Elmer) isn't very well liked in his house (or out, for that matter). But he has a nice new car and an old man worth upwards of three million dollars, so he's tolerated. And though he's not very attractive personally or interesting intellectually he has no trouble getting very good dates from his hometown (never the same girl twice). To Fall Houseparty he brought a really sweet girl. After the dance the two were motoring in Elmer's glorified jalopie, and Elmer, with the sophisticated nonchalance of an elephant doing the shag, slipped his paw about her waist. She flinched, moved away.

Said Elmer: "Listen, babe, you stick to me. It's the closest you'll ever come to five million bucks."

● SHOP TALK

From coast to coast the influence of the **Lehigh Review** spreads. But literally! California's "Pelican" has just reprinted a funny paragraph by JOE BOYLE, and Manhattan's "Etcenpain" has translated one of ERIC WEISS' Short-Shorts ("I Damnwell Bet It Isn't") into, of all things, the Finnish language. ● BOB MUIR, news editor of the B. & W., makes his debut in this issue with the BILLIE BURKHARDT article on page 13. In addition, Bob played traitor to the B. & W. by actually **stealing** from it BILLY SHERIDAN'S poem which we print on page 12. Billy turned in the poem to the B. & W., Bob hooked it, turned it over to us. Room-mate of Muir's at A.X.P. is wild man FRANK NORRIS, whose very pretty puss adorns this page. Frank has perhaps been more places and seen more things than any student in school. You will recall his vivid first-hand "Hobby: Hobo" series last spring. To this issue he contributes "Bermuda Cruise," page 10. Frank served as wiper and fireman on the Monarch of Bermuda and has seen service on a number of other ships. His story is based on observation and experience. ● DR. JAMES L. GRAHAM, assistant professor of psychology, saw active service in the big blow-up of 1914. To this issue he contributes a keen and scientific analysis of war psychology, based not only on his studies but on his experiences as well. The article will be included in a book shortly to be published by the American Psychological Association's Committee for the Study of Social Attitudes. ● Collaborating on "Is Jazz Art?" in this issue are new contributors ROSENSTEIN and FINGER. We don't think it is either.

● NOW WE KNOW

Just to be different we left town Houseparty week-end and visited a friend at Columbia University. We learned about college. Studies are really studies there, and the devil (and the Dean) take the hindmost. Just for instance,

my friend's room-mate went mad two weeks before our visit. Yes, nuts, quite cracked. They took him to a sanatorium. Seems he began to brood, and for the week just preceeding hospitalization he sat at his desk, glared at his books, wouldn't talk. Dementia praecox. Our friend Ted told us about it, invited us to sleep overnight in the late demented's empty bed. We were short of cash, so we did.

Next morning Ted took us to his class in contemporary lit taught by a stubby likable chap named Tindall. The

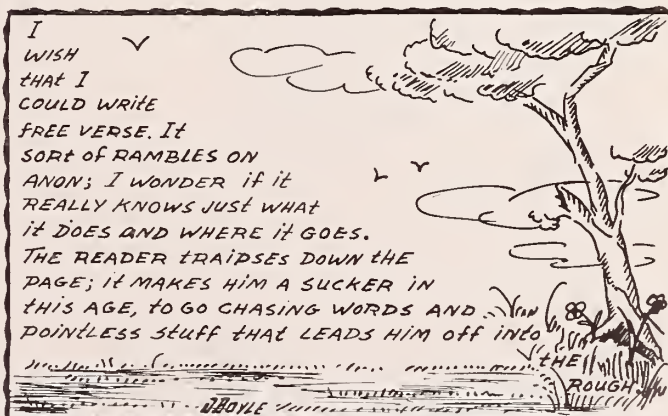
composition of the large class surprised us. It was very un-Lehigh. There were two Chinese girls, a hooded nun, a very pretty negress, an excess of middle-aged school teachers, a smattering of Bright Boys and Clever Girls, and about three young men in dirty sport shoes who might have passed for Lehigh. Tindall was very and constantly witty. He lectured on Shaw, spent most of his time discussing the evolution of the Shavian ideal of womanhood. His best pun — "Ibsen Girl" (Gibson Girl, get it?) But perhaps what amazed us most was the lunch "hour." The class was a two hour session, began about eleven o'clock. Along about noon Tindall said: "**We will now have a five minute recess for lunch.**" There is no cafeteria on campus and the nearest eating place is at least five minutes walking distance each way



Frank Norris

Guggenheim

There is no cafeteria on campus and the nearest eating place is at least five minutes walking distance each way



But everyone took it with a straight face, walked out, snatched five or six puffs on a cigarette, came back in five minutes.

over, please

PASSING IN REVIEW . . .

from page one

On our way back to Ted's room we walked by an athletic field where Columbia men were passing footballs and sprinting around a circular track. One chap coming out of Livingston Hall onto the field almost ran us down. He wore (see drawing) track pants, no shirt, canvas shoes, crew hat, pipe and raincoat.



● NOTES IN PASSING

ADVERTISING: Barrere - Britt chamber music concert in the chapel was advertised on campus as "The Last Word in Chamber Music"! And do you remember the prom ad run in the B. & W.? Ken Kost wrote it, and elevated that sheet thereby to a new high in swank. Stags, for instance, were labeled "Gentlemen who come alone."

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The LEHIGH REVIEW welcomes contributions from students, alumni and faculty. Membership on the board is open to regular contributors. One and one-half dollars for nine issues. Twenty cents the copy.

This in contrast to the severely simple prom ad run in our pages written by H. T. S. Heckman . . . **ANTI-BRITISH NOTE:** Fine example of the British snobbery we hate is the following gag from **Punch:** First Man—"I'm taking my boy to the zoo." Second Man—"Indeed! I'm sending mine to Eaton." . . . **BALDY:** We heard whatshis-name, the "Reader's Digest" editor, give that faculty-women-sponsored lecture in Packard auditorium. We were not much impressed by what he had to say, but must admit to enjoying the show he put on. He played the gruff I've-sailed-the-seven-seas-but-I've-a-heart-of-gold-and-the-brain-of-a-genius stuff. And the ladies (and some of their husbands) lapped it up. He used some mild (very) cuss words, referred to himself as "Baldy," called for "courage, faith and hope," told the audience that with it (being best educated and finest all around) lay the future of the world . . . **HOT JAZZ:** Latest trend among swing faddists is to sneer at so-called jitterbugs who howl and stamp their feet. These elite have discovered that jazz is art. Rosenstein and Finger on page 15 don't think so. We don't either. We think it's a lot of good fun and that's all. Panassie, celebrated French author of "Le Jazz Hot," is in this country playing artist. Interesting to note that the **Review's** former hot jazz man (and editor) Bill Gottlieb has gotten rid of most of his swing recordings, is now accumulating the classic waxings . . . **W. R. W.:** We're still waiting for that article of yours. Loud mouth never won fair lady Truth . . . **FREE EDUCATION:** While at Columbia, as aforementioned, we attended a class. Unlimited cuts are allowed and no attendance is taken, so nobody noticed us and we felt right at home. We know a girl who attended a whole summer session that way without registering and without paying tuition. She just walked in every day and sat down. What's to hinder anybody from saving 1600 or so dollars by completing a full four year unregistered course? . . . **YEARBOOK:** Advance glimpses of "Epitome" pics and layouts promise most original and best ever. Congrats, eds! . . . **CAROTHERS QUOTE:** Neil defines Congress to his Eco. 3 class as "mere mouthpieces of our ignorant mob." But in a representative democracy the legislative body **should** be the mouthpieces of the people! Or are we wrong? As for the people being a "mob," and "ignorant" to boot, we don't believe it. And one who does believe it knocks out the underpinning from democracy . . . **PHOTO BUGS:** Next month we review, with pictures, the latest in photographic book and magazine publishing. Will include complete coverage of "U. S. Camera Annual," new "U. S. Camera Magazine," Will Connell's "In Pictures," Berenice Abbott's "Changing New York," and others. We will also have a photo article and perhaps a column of photo-kinks . . . **SUBSCRIBERS:** Our business staff is making every effort to see that you get your copies on time. Our circulation is biggest ever and circulation department is having tough time. Fact that we haven't come around to collect the rest of the money some of you owe us on your subs shows our good faith. Sorry, will fix. If you do have a circulation gripe please phone Donald Denison at 511.



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For Finer, *FRESHER* Flavor . . .
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THE DEVIL WITH POLITICS

Satan Tries His Damndest

by Howard J. Lewis, '40

There was a big, black hole right in the middle of the meadow. Thin ruffles of yellow smoke trickled out of the abyss accompanied by a pungent odor of brimstone. A cow standing aback, huddled against what comfort a barbed-wire fence can give, was eyeing an aged, threadbare figure sitting on the black-tufted edge of the hole, chewing on a long piece of grass and surveying the panorama about him. Ten thousand Sunday School teachers would have sworn on a stack of Gideon bibles that this melancholy fellow, as indicated by his twin stubby horns and drooping tail, was little else than the Devil, referred to in some sections as de Debbil.

After a while he lifted himself from his seat, and yelling something down the hole about keeping the home fires burning, he cackled to himself and strode off the field, once or twice tripping over his tail. He hurried into an

outlandish gallop, cleared the fence with a childish whoop and soared off into the sky.

A fat, little man was running for a Fifth Avenue bus, when all of a sudden he collided with a tall and thin gentlemen and sent the both of them sprawling. The tall man got up first, hastily stuffed something in his pocket, and quickly replaced his hat. The fat man had a good deal more trouble getting up and cursed the offender heartily in middle-class profanity.

—Who the hell are you?

—My name, mortal, is Mephistopheles.

—A Greek, eh! And my name is Blodgett!

—Perhaps you misunderstand me.

—Oh, go to hell!

—Why, I just came from there.

—Who did you say you were?

—Satan.

—That isn't what you said before

... What?

—My name is Satan. I am the king of the underworld.

—Well, you picked the wrong time to come up here. Don't you fellows down there know this is the slack season?

—Time is no element where I am concerned. I have come to rule the World.

—It'll take more than the fires of hell to win that game. God knows you have plenty of competition.

—Huh! What does he know about anything? With my campaign platform I shall first sweep this country and then Europe.

—It must be a hot platform!

—First I shall offer a comfortable living to all over sixty years of age.

—What's your bid?

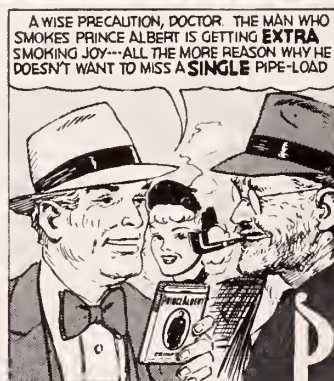
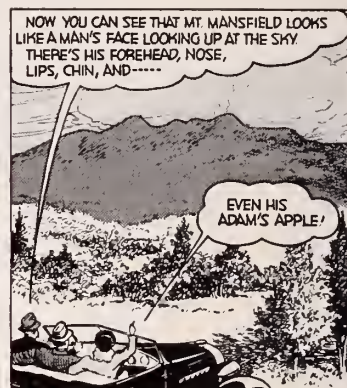
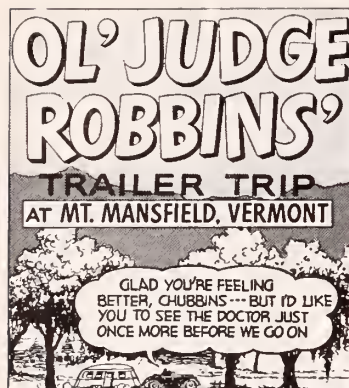
—Frankly, the most I can stand is twenty-dollars a week.

—Ha!

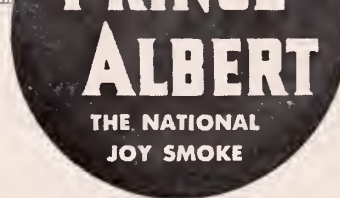
—Isn't that enough? I'm afraid it's the best I can do.

—There's a fellow in California that will guarantee thirty dollars a week and kiss babies at the same time.

Page twenty-five please



P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER. Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.



50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert



by Stanley Gilinsky '40

Number one swingmaster of the month and most improved band of the year is Artie Shaw and his sizzling clarinet. Despite the fact that he is considered practically the equal of Goodman as a soloist he has experienced one difficulty after another in his attempt to rise to the top. For no good reason at all people resented his attempt to capitalize on inherent genius and considered him an imitator of Goodman. Shaw's clarinet is typically blues, quite the contrary to Goodman. As soon as Shaw was able to stand on his own feet as a top flight musician he got the bugaboo of all leader stars, a lousy band style—featuring (of all things) violins. Phooey! However, even this combination got off some good disks, thanks to Artie and a couple of boys who were fed up with schmaltz. One of these, *The Blues*—a and b, is re-issued by Vocalion. For some swell Dixieland we can recommend nothing better.

Shaw's new combination is really tops. He organized some fine ensembles in addition to the excellent soloists. The band really cuts loose and

Beguine. These platters ought to satisfy the most discriminating, no matter what their tastes may be. *Shuffle, Flight, Indian Love* are all jive renditions with real swing background provided for solos by Artie and Tony Pastor on the tenor sax. *Nightmare* is Shaw's terrific theme song. Every time we hear it thrills go down our spine. Listen to Art's solo and then wonder where he has been all your life. Tony Pastor and Billie Hollday have excellent vocals on *Indian* and *Any Time* respectively. *Beguine* is an exciting dance tune—if that's possible.

Another unfortunate from the point of unjust comparison has been Jimmy Dorsey. From this side of the fence Brother Tommy has to take a back seat. While Tommy has been sliding toward the sweet side, Jimmy has developed two definite swing styles. One, in the traditional Dixieland, and the other in the four-four beat on the order of Count Basie. Jimmy's only trouble is deciding which one to use as a band can't really reach perfection switching styles. Not that styles are the most important



Stan Guggenheim's photo of Disc Data man Stan Gilinsky, left, was run last issue. It produced the following post card:

Dear Stan: Couldn't wait to write after I saw your picture in the REVIEW. I laughed myself silly at the picture. Chuckle, chuckle, guffaw! And that bow tie! Tee, hee, haw, haw!

(Signed) Count Basie

But Stan says he thinks it came from his cousin at Princeton, not jazz-man Basie.

the boys get away with a minimum of stereotyped riffs. Artie is one boy who is in there trying hard all the time. As a result his solos are different and refreshing, quite contrary to the recent Goodman pattern. Shaw's boys have the lift that Goodman has lost (temporarily, we hope) and he shows it on three Bluebird recordings, *Nightmare*; *Non-Stop Flight*. *Back Bay Shuffle*; *Any Time At All*. *Indian Love Call*; *Begin The*

things, but they form the background for the good solo and orchestral work. A typical Jimmy work is the 12 inch disk released by Decca, *Song Of The Volga Boatman*; *I Cried For You*. *Volga* is a well arranged, beautifully executed piece. Jimmy's solos are the nuts. Ray McKinley backs up superbly and gets in a couple of good breaks to boot. Shorty Sherock blows harder 'n hell. *Cried* is in the opposite

page twenty-four, please

Just Out!

Victor Record Releases

- 26085—
Lightly and Politely
Washboard Blues
Tommy Dorsey and His Orchestra
- 26082—
Is That the Way to Treat a Sweetheart?
I Had to Do It
Benny Goodman and His Orchestra
- 26083—
After Looking at You
I Kissed You in a Dream Last Night
(Do You Mind?)
Larry Clinton and His Orchestra
- 26087—
Bumble Bee Stomp
Ciribiribin
Benny Goodman and His Orchestra
- 26093—
You Look Good to Me
This Is Madness (To Love Like This)
Sammy Kaye and His Orchestra
- 26094—
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Syracuse over
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Wisconsin over
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Northwestern Over
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GENE
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HEINS



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THOMAS



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SNYDER



JIM
CAMPBELL



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AL COX

BY

DICK GOWDY

SNAKE JOB

by ERIC WEISS, '39

George is a fine kid and I've always liked him. He's a smooth boy with all the social graces. His clothes are collegiate and they fit him as mine will never fit me. He has a car and curly hair and a cute face and all these things are never ignored by the women who come within his sphere of influence. So that is why he got so mad at me that night in Weehawken.

We were sitting at a table in this old German restaurant at the foot of the Palisades and I was carefully explaining to Ann that Weehawken was pronounced with the accent on the first syllable. Ann was next to George. By some inspired intuition George always gets to a table just behind the lady in the party and nabs the favored seat. So I was sitting alone with the glasses of bock and the table between me and Ann.

"I'll remember that, Ray," Ann said, "if I ever have to pronounce Weehawken again, God forbid."

"Sure," I told her lightly, "it's one of the Things That Every Young Lady Should Know." I capitalized the phrase with my voice. She laughed into my eyes.

"By the way," I went on, "speaking of things that you should know. Do you know where George's arm is?"

"Sure," she answered and shrugged the shoulder his hand was on. "I like it." She smiled broadly.

"O. K., it's up to you. It's your honor."

What's left of it." She kept a straight face.

George took his arm off her neck. "Oh," she intoned in her placed stage voice, "now I've hurt you. I didn't mean to, really I didn't."

"Hepburn," I guessed.

"Stage Door," she confirmed, turning away from George.

Put more innocence in your voice," I directed. "Speak as if you really didn't mean to hurt him."

"You mean like this." She souped her tones up with gushy sentiment and poured her lines on George.

"Good," I applauded. "That'll fetch him." George drank his beer and sulked.

"You know," I wanted to give the knife another twist, "we shouldn't run down George's approach this way. He's spent years perfecting it."

"It doesn't show it," Ann murmured. "It sounds trite."

"He's deceived millions with it."

"Seductio ad absurdum," she com-

mented.

"That's clever," I praised. "Did you make it up or read it someplace?"

"I made it up," she confessed, smugly proud of herself.

"Look out." I pretended to confide in her. "Look out. George is at it again. You know what." His arm was around her shoulders.

"That's all right." She waved her hand in the O. K. sign "It's fun."

George didn't get the joke.

"Say, Ann," George suggested in his big charm voice, "let's go back to New York."

"Think this one over, Ann," I offered. "He means no good."

"Why, sir, I am sure you mean no evil." She delivered her line wide-eyed.

"Sally the Sewing Machine Girl," I ventured.

"Right," she nodded.

"You devil," George burst out. He was mad but he laughed. He pulled Ann to him and shook her.

"Should I leap to your defense?" I asked languidly.

"Forget it," she said as well as she could. "He's having fun."

"All right, all right," George muttered disgustedly. "Let's go to New

York." He looked at Ann.

"Fine," I said, "C'mon, Ann." George gave me one of his triple-threat dirty looks.

"O. K." she agreed.

George got the check from the waiter and put it on the table. "Six dollars," he said. I threw three bucks to him.

"That leaves me," I said, "exactly two cents."

"Don't worry," Ann said, "I'll stake you."

"That's damn white of you, pardner," I answered, mimicking her deepened voice. "You'll never get it back."

"I know it."

"C'mon, c'mon." George was irritable. He helped Ann into her coat and we stood around while she painted up her face.

"Good night," we called to the Bavarian musicians who sat there looking foolish in their leather shorts and brilliant stockings. We walked down to the ferry through the wet salt-smelling air and into the horse reek of the ferry house.

"Can you let me have a nickel?" I asked Ann.

page nineteen, please



I ATTITUDES DURING THE WAR

When I analyze, after more than twenty years, my own shifts in attitudes and the emotional conflicts experienced during the World War, I draw the conclusion that never, before or since, have I accepted so many attitudes ready made, nor conformed to average patterns and fashions so fully and wholeheartedly. I do not regard this as a unique personal experience, but rather the uniform behavior of my generation of college students, and the expected uniform way of this generation in the event of another war. If you doubt this, read the defense acts of the democratic sovereign states. Laws are made and plans laid for the dictatorial control of every phase of life.

The day we enter war, much of our present freedom ends; the country's man-power can be impressed into combat and civilian services, its industries and its communication and transportation services levied on for public use. In the light of such defense acts, imagine how hard it will be to resist conforming. Imagine, as well, the real dangers to the national defense of attitudinal non-conformity and the extent to which coercive measures may go to minimize those dangers. Without the support of such drastic acts or our current development of propaganda techniques, I was changed very easily.

When the United States entered war, I was about to graduate from a theological seminary of a small Protestant sect. All my previous experience had been closely associated with this institution. As an ordained minister, I was exempt from the draft, but, following the fashion of young college men, I applied for admission to the Civilian Officers Training Camp and became an officer in combat services. The critical character of that decision was evidenced by the fact that it was preceded by about three months of a rather intolerable emotional conflict, and represented the beginning of a series of decisions that ultimately changed my vocation, shifted the groups whose social approvals I most desired, and broke considerably with my past training and philosophy of life. The real motives that determined that decision were complex and mixed. I would as hopefully try to recall events occurring under light anesthesia as to discover its elements and evaluate their proportionate influence. How-

AN ANALYSIS OF PERSONAL WAR ATTITUDES

by Dr. James Larmour Graham,

Assistant Professor of Psychology

ever, that decision was in the direction of the fashion.

On enlisting, I was not emotionally prepared for combat duty, but shifts came, equipping me for such duty with an ease and rapidity that was truly marvelous. The bayonet drill was one of the most rapid influences in teaching the desired combat attitudes and emotions. It went far beyond instruction in the motor skills. It taught with directness the attitudes and emotions to support these skills. It simulated front line conditions. We went out of the trenches over the top. We advanced with war cries simulating hate and terrifying qualities. The more stuffing we could dislodge from the dummies, the greater the approval. Trainers were in favor who had been selected for recent experiences in such combat and for the intensity of their hates and supply of atrocity stories. There were many lesser rituals, conforming pressures, and prevailing attitudes that also contributed.

My previous training had equipped me to swallow certain types of propaganda hook, line, and sinker, but it had also provided me with many experience that should have safeguarded me against such uncritical acceptance. Nevertheless, such safeguards were peculiarly weak and impotent. I had read for a couple of years in two foreign newspapers contrasting propaganda on the Balkan and Tripoli-Italian Wars and, apparently, had learned nothing. I did believe in absolute values. My membership in a religious minority group and training had emphasized values. I was excellent soil for such implantings as, "Win the war to save democracy". I accepted this as a high value, enhanced by ego by identifying myself with a glorious cause and justified by enlistment and participation on the highest of motives. That I might be rationalizing or deluding myself I did not suspect. While less credulous than most of my associates of the current atrocity stories, I was quite

prepared to ascribe to the Central Powers a sort of domination by the forces of evil. I followed the fashion in allocating the "War Guilt", although for two years following the Agadir crisis, I roomed with a pro-German American who had spent that and the following summer in Germany.

I accepted the principle of self-determination of minorities as a high absolute value. The difficulties of carrying out the divergent values and aspirations of minorities without making each sort of sovereign state within a state, and without erecting impermeable and relatively permanent barriers to any successful social adjustment, never came into my consciousness until later. Yet I had travelled and lived in Old Turkey and was rather intimately acquainted with the history of some of its serious minority problems. I could even recognize some reasonableness and justice, from the Turkish viewpoint, in that awful solution of the Armenian issue.

I resolved the question of my conflicting loyalties between the state and the religious institution by accepting the state as higher, a very realistic solution, but one that is inexplicable in the light of my past experiences and training. I found myself, during the third draft, interviewing with conviction several conscientious objectors whose contrasting solution was about to imprison them in a detention camp because they refused to don the army uniform. I had an original dislike for the proffered values of war and army discipline, but, with no sense of incongruity, I composed a letter setting forth the prevailing army viewpoint and sent it to parents, wives, and sweethearts of men about to be discharged. It is true, that I was so directed by the commanding officer in charge of the organization developed to receive broken units from overseas preparatory to their discharge, but the ideas were then mine. I bear witness to these at-



titudinal shifts and the ease of their accomplishment.

II

ATTITUDES DURING THE ADJUSTMENT AFTER THE WAR

Any discussion of war attitudes seems to me to be incomplete that does not analyze the modifications to be expected when the emergency ends, the fashion for extreme attitudes passes, and the danger of non-conformity decreases. For the co-operations and adjustments demanded by peace, milder attitudes are needed. A solution effected by victory and coercion makes demands for great readjustment not only for groups but for individuals. Many extreme views must be modified or surrendered in order to adjust successfully. Many, accepted ready made and uncritically, may need revision and re-evaluation, an undertaking likely to be accompanied by a considerable amount of disillusionment.

Moreover, the motivation to make a successful readjustment is likely to be more poorly supported than that for the emergency. This was true in my experience, and here, I believe, is a uniform way of behaving and not a unique personal experience. I know of many educated men who had a similar though perhaps less extreme experience. I shifted my vocation and turned to the graduate schools to acquire the prerequisite preparation. So did others. There was a great increase

in college enrollments.

When the war ended, I went back to the narrow religious institution I had left. That institution was liberalized to a degree but largely recovered and rebuilt old attitudes and ideals. My adjustment to combat duty and the emergency values had been supported by wide social approvals and conforming pressures which had weaned me away from a leadership and values I had previously acknowledged. After the war, I was quite on my own. The personal problem of social readjustment became a highly conscious one, accentuated in importance by post-war difficulties. Recognition came of the often incompatible demands of values and successful social adjustment and with it a change in vocational interest.

Although I did not anticipate leaving the services of my religious institution, my interest increased in teaching youth, in educational methods, in historical perspectives, in the social theory of education then being advocated by Dewey, Coe, and Kilpatrick, in a pragmatic philosophy, and in psychological and genetic approaches. To pursue these interests, I attended several graduate schools. Study brought a diminishing hope of a happy adjustment in my religious institution and launched me on the task of preparing adequately for the teaching of psychology. This period included considerable disillusionment, felt inconsistency, and emotional conflict. But, on the whole, the attitudes which I built up here were more earned in the sense that they were either the byproducts of accumulated experience or developed generalizations. Readjustment had altered some values, diverted to me a new vocation, and lessened the utilitarian worth of much of my past education.

III

ATTITUDES DURING THREAT OF WAR

A discussion of war attitudes seems also to be incomplete without analysis of those that pertain to threat of war. Here it should be made very clear that attitudes must be related closely to their background and time. I would make a clear distinction between attitudes supporting measures to prevent war when the crisis is remote and when an emergency or crisis exists. I accept the hypothesis that clashes between contrasting val-

ues or social adjustmental demands will inevitably come, but I deny that the resort to war is thereby made inevitable.

In a period with no impending crisis, preparation must be made to prevent war, when emergencies come. Such preparation should include supporting attitudes as well as the machinery for the adjudication and conciliation of issues. I have supported the League of Nations. It gave some promise of handling by conference techniques, by intelligent and continuous study, and by permanent organization, critical justifiable and adjustmental issues, and of dealing with emergencies by social and coercive methods out side the war pattern. Later, I supported Prof. Shotwell's attempt to effect the outlawry of war, and the Kellogg Pact.

If we are realistic today, we must admit that the League has proved itself impotent, that the Kellogg Pact has no binding force, and that no alternative solution giving promise of being effective prevails. Great Britain in the past century maintained the navy and supporting attitudes that did much to keep peace in the world, but, today, she rejects both the attitudes and the costs. No nation or group of nations has assumed the costs of world policing. In brief, the situation is as follows: We have no effective international law or binding treaties; we have no machinery for the administration of international justice and conciliation that can enforce sanctions; we have abnormal behavior fostered by the intolerable fear of coercion; we have witnessed surrender to mere strength; we are diverting income and savings to an unprecedented degree to armament building; and, we have wars.

Current attitudes support this chaos. We fear war and we distrust the leadership of governments. Also, we have mixed interests and motives, for we cling to contrasting values that conflict with any reasonable solution. We have laissez-faire and dictatorial policies, conflicting governmental forms, pacificism and militarism, isolationism and broad alliances. That this situation is intolerable and dangerous to world peace is clearly evident. It imposes such a handicap to successful adaptation that no acceptable solution seems possible.

Hence, any compromise reached will probably be on a low level and abnormal in type. The war pattern is

ONE day out of New York, the Princess of Bermuda worked her way southward against the steady flow of the green Gulf stream. The bright mid-day sun shone on her glistening grey sides, on polished mahogany life boats, and reflected off the trimmings on the uniforms of her deck officers. The slight monotonous roll of the ship had caused fewer than the usual casualties among her passengers, and by noon they were out in numbers. School teachers walked arm in arm, young girls paraded their Bermuda ensembles, and some with the acquired savoir vivre of the world traveler, read and lounged in deck chairs. Stewards scuttled about with trays and clean young officers in their immaculate white uniforms created the atmosphere of a world cruise.

All this looked very pretty to Jimmy who was cleaning soot from the forward funnel. Jimmy liked cleaning soot because it gave him a chance to get out of the innards of the ship, and catch a look at the sky, water, and passengers parading on the decks below. It was a pretty easy job; all he had to do was to tie a sack on the blower snout, let the blower fill it with soot from the funnel traps, and take it off. After filling some twenty sacks he would have to put them on the elevator and take them below to the aft cattle deck.

Because it was such a nice day Jimmy was taking it easy and he forgot to think about the time. Suddenly the forward companion-way door slapped open and out came the leading hand swearing in a nasal cockney voice.

"Sai, ya blarsted Yankee wetdrawers, ya bloody well think ya taken ha sun barth? Get the 'ell on below wit them sacks!"

"Yes sir," said Jimmy, with a shade of sass in his voice. He didn't like saying "sir" to the big ass, but he respected the big ham-like arms.

A half hour of tugging and pulling got twenty-four, hundred-pound sacks of soot stewed on the rear cattle deck. A Jamaican negro cook, peeling potatoes, offered Jimmy a smoke as he stowed the last bag away. Christ it felt good to drag on a butt after some hard tugging. He leaned on a rail and watched the water below him as it passed by deep and green. Occasionally a flying fish would flop out of the water and skip



along like a pebble on the surface of a pond.

Thump—a pain shot up Jimmy's backbone and his heels lifted off the wooden deck.

"Ya blarsted Yankee wetdrawers, wot in 'ell do ya think ya be? 'Ha got damn passenger."

"No, sir," said Jimmy holding his paining rump with both hands.

"Well get ya the 'ell on below. Me thinks I got a job for ya, my rosy-cheeked lad. 'Awd ya like to chip some rust in the shaft tunnel."

As Jimmy turned and shuffled away followed by the big Limey, the cook broke out in a song,—

"Mamma no want no tea,
no rice, no coc'nut oil,
Mamma no want no gin,
she's got rum to slobber in.
Mamma no want no ———"

For the last two hours of his watch Jim worked naked except for a shirt. On the rear propeller shaft tunnel, up to his waist in cold, stinking bilge-water, he chipped rust away. Straightening his back would press it against the smooth, greasy revolving propeller shaft, vibrating from the conflict of the blades with the water. That big Limey bastard, thought Jimmy. If he only had half of the twenty pounds that separated their weights, he'd have taken a sock at him. Jimmy's extension light kept falling into the water. Now and then he would drop the hammer or the wire brush in the oily bilge. "So this is going to sea." He gave up a good job as a runner with the Cox, Atherholt, and Mathewson brokerage firm so he could see the world.

For the first two weeks, the ship never left New York harbor. The following week they ran down to Bermuda. The Princess stayed in port twelve hours, of which he spent four on donkey watch. By the time he got the grease out from under his finger nails and some clean clothes on it was

dark. Drinking ale at a quarter a throw is no fun when you don't even have a girl to drink it with. Besides, what the hell could you see of Bermuda between seven and twelve?

He was going to see the world, and all he got out of it was an intimate familiarity with the guts of the ship, and a few hours on deck between watches. Even those few hours were spoiled because well-meaning passengers invaded the sanctity of the foremost poop deck, the only spot where the engine gang was allowed a little freedom. An elderly woman once brought him Zane Grey so to better himself by reading.

Jimmy was hated by the Limey, who as leading mate had acquired the hate of every wiper, fireman, and oiler aboard the ship, and the respect of most of them. Jimmy got along fine with the mixed crew of Cockneys, Onions, and Scotchmen. He kept his mouth shut and took his kidding and riding with a smile. But that bastard of a leading mate, he was too much. Jimmy had the shivers by the time he finished his watch in the cold bilge-water.

And so it was the next watch and the one after that. When he was through with one foul job, the leading hand would give him another; cleaning sump pumps, using Nokorode acid in boiler tubes, stowing fire brick, all came in turn. Finally, as Jimmy expected to go on port watch when the Princess docked at Hamilton, he got quite a shock. The leading hand gave him leave. Well, thought Jimmy as he scrubbed his grease-filled ears, I guess the old scuttle-bitch has decided to lay off me. Christ, I'd hate to have him really mad at me.

Smartly dressed in a gray linen suit, bought at Youngs on Wall street, Jimmy walked up the main drag of Hamilton. People dressed in shorts

BERMUDA CRUISE

FRANK NORRIS, '40

walked, rode by on bicycles and occasionally passed in carriages. A good looking girl on a bicycle impressed Jimmy with the fact that it was almost a month since he had had a date. He couldn't take his eyes off her strong well-formed legs as she pedaled up the hill.

When Jimmy finally got to the top of the hill, he found himself in front of the Hotel Hamilton. On one side of the hotel was a small swimming pool. The diving tower reminded him of summers he had spent at Lake Hopatcong. Maybe if he went for a swim he could pick up one of the girls. Hell, they couldn't tell if he was a guest or not. From the locker-room clerk he rented a thirty six, grey, two piece, Spaulding bathing suit. As he walked out on the pool, the sun-heated tiles pained his feet. The diving board was a regulation California Stepp. A little warming up and he did a one-and-a-half. A little more practice and he did a gainer. Finally he found himself nonchalantly giving an impromptu diving exhibition. A mediocre high school diver in New York city, he was quite the stuff in the Hamilton pool. The next step was easy, he bumped into a girl as he was swimming, apologized profoundly, and started talking to her. It was easier than picking grapes.

She was quite neat. Well put together and topped with sandy hair; she made Jimmy feel quite warm inside.

No, she wasn't a guest, she only worked at the hotel as a cashier. Yes, she had a regular boy-friend; he worked on the Princess. Seeing that she was regular, Jimmy told her of the "riding" he'd been given on the trip down; he told her what a lousy rat his boss was. She felt very sorry for him, and told him she would speak to Tommy about it.

It was almost time for her to meet

Tommy, so they both went into the locker-rooms to dress. Jimmy, remembering that he had forgotten to get her address, dressed quickly and came out to wait for her in front of the women's locker-room. She came out still combing her wet sandy hair. He could see that she liked his appearance in his linen suit. She gave him her address and told him not to come that night because Tommy was very big and jealous. Maybe if he could write her, they could meet the next time he was in port.

As they walked together down the coral steps of the hotel, she turned and said, "Hello Tommy."

Jimmy turned and looked at Tommy to find the leading hand staring at the two of them open-mouthed, as if he were about to say something.

"What's the matter Tommy, do you know Jimmy?"

Jimmy said, "Yes, I guess Tommy knows me pretty well."

By this time the leading hand had recovered enough to say, "Where d'ja find 'im, Margie?"

With an injured air, Margie replied, "Well you've a nerve askin' me; as if I go about alookin' up fellas. One of these days, Tommy Brooks, you'll be afindin' yerself behavin' the spoiled young man once too of-ten."

Jimmy stood uncomfortably by, while Margie gave the big leading hand a calling down.

"Besides," with a wink toward Jimmy, "I shahn't be able to see ya tonight, 'cause I ayn't feelin' so good."

Jimmy interrupted to say good-bye to the two of them, explaining that he had to meet a shipmate down the street.

The uncomfortable leading hand didn't even notice him. He knew of nothing but the verbal lambasting Margie was giving him.

As Jim backed away, he heard

Margie tell the leading hand that she felt so bad that the doctor would call around eight that night with some medicine and she couldn't have no Tommy Brooks hangin' around.

Taking the hint, Jimmy walked away realizing just how dumb and how much in love the big fellow was with Margie.

* * *

Around eleven thirty that night, both Jimmy and Margie agreed that rum was very good medicine; in fact it was wonderful medicine. Jim used to hate rum, but in a few short hours, and with Margie's help, he learned to like it. Rum was the best stuff in the world. A muffled blast came into the room to startle both of them. Two more blasts. In twenty minutes the Princess would be drawing hawser. Jimmy felt for his coat in the darkness. Drunkenly he stumbled over a stool. As he lay on the floor swearing with rum-inspired eloquence, Margie giggled and sighed in a high soprano.

Ten minutes later he was feeling his way down the dimly-lighted allies of the Hamilton water-front. Occasionally a woman would call him from a shuttered window or a dark doorway. "Christ, they're all the same; rum is wonderful stuff."

A mulatto leaned forward from a doorway and beckoned to him. As Jimmy staggered to a halt to swear at her good-naturedly, she was brushed aside by a big lurching shape coming out of the door. It was the leading hand; of all people to meet in a dark alley.

Jimmy's skin prickled and he found himself getting sober very fast.

"Christ, here's where he shoots the works. Even he can figure this one out."

The leading hand staggered across the street, grabbed Jimmy by the shoulder, and squinted into his face.

"So it's ya, me rosy-cheeked lad. What be ya doin' out at this o' the night?"

"Oh I'm just seein' the town, I guess."

"Seein', be ya? . . . It's alookin' I guess. An didja find it lad?"

"Yeah."

"Good fer ya lad, good fer ya, it might be the makin's of a man out a ya."

With their arms about each other's shoulders, they swayed down the street singing,—

"Mamma no want no tea,
no rice, no coe'nut oil,
Mama no want no gin,
she's got rum to slobber in.
Mama no want no ———"

A COACH'S DREAM

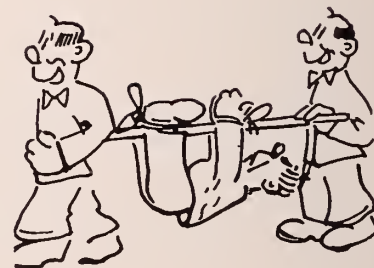
by William Sheridan

Jiggers by Joe Boyle, '39



Today they're going to hang me,
Is my name Danny Deever?
Last year it was so different,
They must have had a Fever.

The Faculty are laughing,
As they ride me on a rail,
And the College Band is playing
See the conquering heroes fail.



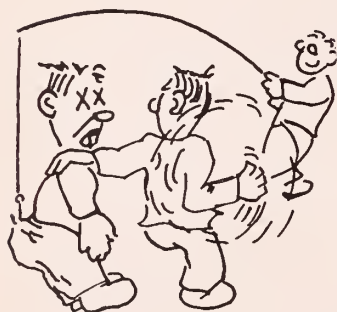
The Testimonial dinner that the
Townfolk gave last year,
Now tastes like so much Garlic,
Or Prohibition Beer.



The Trustees said they loved me,
When the enemy we licked,
And now they're all good booters,
And I'm the Guy they Kicked.



Alumni who stood cheering
As the boys went marching By,
Are doing a Hubbell wind-up
Just to sock me in the Eye.



The substitutes are moaning,
Cause I kept them on the bench,
A quartette of Ends and Tackles
Give my Arms and Legs a wrench.



Mother Darling, won't you save me,
I cry out, and then awake,
And mighty glad I realize,
It's just a Nature Fake.



Twin Beds for us to-morrow,
Is the comment of my wife,
Isn't that a lousy wind-up
To a worried coach's life!



"BILLY"

"...as much a part of Lehigh as its buildings..."

by Robert Muir

"BILLY," born William Michael Burkhardt, of German parents in Bethlehem, somewhere around 1870, left home when he was 18, travelled the rails, handled coal, has been plumber, gas fitter, cop, dishwasher, bonesetter, janitor, and handy man; and now is the genial, well-informed Lehigh "alumnus" of the dispensary.

Billy, as much a part of Lehigh as its buildings, started his career the year his mother died, and he was left with a desire to see the world and to "fight any comer, anytime". His ramblings took him all over Pennsylvania, where coal-handling and first-aid became his trades. During one of his trips to Bethlehem he relates, "my father and I passed through Johnstown on the train; we stopped to take on coal at about twelve noon. That night at one o'clock the famous flood broke but we were in Bethlehem then."

It wasn't long after that, that Billy came to Lehigh. The University was nothing more than a clump of trees, a few buildings, and a handful of men more interested in athletics than learning. Professor Thornburg was athletic director and Billy was his right-hand man. Though football and baseball were the major sports, the playing field was inadequate, and the grandstand consisted of a sloping hillside. Billy conceived, planned and graded the first real field Lehigh could call its own (now the lower field). He was head trainer at the time, but when the school funds ran low he actually pulled the two horse roller only when one nag was available.

To give you a more complete picture of the campus at the end of the gay nineties, you must envision Lehigh as consisting of Packer Hall, the chapel, the old library, the physics lab, and Coppee Hall, which was the gym. What are now green lawns, were tree-covered slopes, and our well-paved roads were mere paths.

The present Price Hall was still a brewery, and somewhat of a headache to the authorities, so much of a problem, in fact, that the University soon bought it to use as a dorm and promptly installed Billy as watchdog. He was the official campus cop, plumber janitor, handy man and trainer. His duties often conflicted, and with a gleam in his eye he still tells of many a Saturday afternoon when he would be called from some dull task to the more interesting job of quelling riots. He would dash madly across the campus, pulling on a uniform, just in time to wade into a mud-slinging fistcuff, where with the fury of his heritage, he would settle the argument with a few choice haymakers.

The football team, regardless of what it ate and drank, was putting Lehigh on the map to stay. Coach Thornburg, with Billy's tireless help, shaped Andy Farabough, P. E. Butler, "Scraper" Johnson, and "Rabbit" Waters into one of the tightest backfields known to Lehigh. In fact Jimmy Mahoney, then Associate Counselor of all Lehigh coaches, went so far as to call Waters a "great and scientific player". Billy introduced Jimmy Mahoney to Lehigh about two years after he came himself and says of him, "I got Jimmy his job because I used to box with his brother, and he was a good fighter—fought a lot of good boxers in his time."

When the war broke out, Billy left the campus to become an inspector of shell fuses at the steel plant. Along with his inspecting, he found time to become head first-aid man when Bethlehem was erecting its last two blast furnaces. When the War was over, he came back to Lehigh to resume his duties of trainer and jack-of-all-trades.

An interesting ritual that ranked almost above graduation exercises was the calculus cremations. Billy describes them as probably the last stand of the "old school". The night before graduation, the seniors, through with calculus as well as their other studies, would burn some professor of calculus in effigy. Billy used to erect the bonfire that was the final touch to the parades through town,



Norris

ceremonies in long robes, and general hell-raising. One year the student body, tired of bonfires, decided to use a float on the river for the burning. Billy built a large raft from logs and planks which were plentiful on the campus, and set it afloat just above the old dam on the Lehigh.

On the night of cremation, everybody piled on Billy's raft and began the ceremony. As things developed, as things will when fireworks and firewater are the main form of amusement, it wasn't long before the whole thing caught fire, and the "professor" was drowned instead of cremated.

As Lehigh grew milder in nature, and the old pre-game feuds with Lafayette were abolished by mutual agreement, and the calculus cremations became memories, Billy joined Doc Bull in the newly formed dispensary, along about 1926. He continued treating the hurts of the athletes, but dropped the more strenuous tasks of his younger days.

Now Billy sits back while someone is getting the "sun", and recalls that his proudest moment was about four years ago when the Alumni Association made him an "alumnus," in honor of his thirty and six years at Lehigh, thirty-six years loaded with yarns and stories. And most of them about his adopted alma mater.

Billy lives a good deal in the past and will parry stories and rumors with anyone interested in the development of the lighter side of Lehigh-through-the-years. Ask Billy. He remembers; he was there. ●



General Felipe Santanio

SUMMARY:

In the gun running racket you can't trust anyone, and Felipe Santanio was no exception. So when we went up the Sarahulla in our schooner and the party on shore opened fire on us, I wasn't sure whether it was Felipe's men or the Federals who were fighting him for the control of Cordavia. But after that scrape we established definite contact with General Santanio and he came on board with his aids to bargain with us for our load of rifles. But I still had no faith in the little slob.

"WAIT," Felipe raised his hand to stop me. "I do not like to make threats, but expediency and your stubbornness make them necessary. I must have those rifles without delay. There is a cannon stationed on the bank opposite the bow of your ship. The officer in charge of it was instructed to lay his sights on your machine gun and to stand by to blow it out of the boat on your first false move. You can make sure of my story if you will send a man on deck with Colonel Amando here. He will signal the squad to show a light."

"Check it," I snapped to Tony. The colonel went up the companionway with Tony at his heels. The cabin was very quiet.

Guns for Felipe

Conclusion of the Two Part Blood and Thunder Story of Gun-running

by Eric Weiss, '39

"Look here, Santanio," I said. "If your men fire on us, we'll kill you and you know it. What's your game?"

"We are three to three aboard ship here. We might be killed but we would certainly kill some of you. I would be willing to risk that if you will not sell. I must have those rifles. You are a sensible man. You know that I cannot get the rifles by violence without losing many men and perhaps my own life. You also know that you cannot get out of this river alive if you don't do business with me. To avoid trouble I will pay your price and ten percent extra. It is only reasonable for you to sell."

Felipe had me in an uncomfortable spot. If he did have a cannon on shore, my only way to get my ship to sea safely was to sell the rifles at his price. The colonel returned and sat beside his general. Tony looked at me and nodded.

"It's an army 'thirty-seven," he said.

"Well?" asked Santanio.

I considered our situation. We might overpower the three officers and try to fight it out with the army on shore but the odds were against us. They just had to get one shell into our hull and we were sunk, literally and figuratively. We would have to do as Felipe said.

"All right," I agreed. "Pay half the price now and half when the guns are all on shore."

"Very well," he said. He turned to Colonel Amando. Have them bring half of the money. The aide saluted and went up the companionway. Tony followed him.

"My men will come for the rifles in dugouts," Santanio told me.

I felt beaten; Santanio was paying me just about what I had expected to get, so it wasn't the financial part of the deal that annoyed me. I was disturbed because Felipe had so arranged things that he had the upper hand

during the bargaining. Although he needed the guns vitally, he had put me in such a position that I wasn't able to fix the price to suit the occasion. I felt foolish.

"Do not be so unhappy, my friend," Santanio said with a gleaming smile. "Perhaps some day we will be able to do business with more leisure and bargain without the haste that I found necessary today."

Something scraped against the ship's side. Somebody mumbled in Spanish and then everything was quiet again. The colonel returned with Tony still following him. Amando carried a canvas bag that he put in front of the general.

"Three men in a dugout," Tony whispered to me, jerking his thumb over his shoulder. "Jose's watching them."

Santanio opened the neck of the bag and spilled out the silver dollars. He piled them in neat stacks of five and pushed them across the table to me. I bit each coin and rang it against the wood. Then I restacked and counted the money. When I was satisfied that a full half of the amount due me was there, I put the silver in a tin box, put the box in a locker and motioned Tony to stand guard over it.

"Very well, gentlemen," I said to the three officers, "Shall we get the rifles?"

We started up the companionway. Pedro kept behind the two aides, and I followed the general. We left Tony to watch the money. Jose was sitting on the forward hatch with his hand resting casually on the tarpaulin that covered his machine gun. The two soldiers in the canoe that had brought the money were fending their boat away from the side of the ship with their paddles.

The general bowed to me courteously. "And now, with your permission, I will go ashore to prepare my

IS JAZZ ART?

The Jitterbug Jumped On, Jazz Heresy Defended

by Ray Rosenstein and Aaron Finger

JAZZ, while not a form of art, is still a form of self-expression.

The composer expresses himself completely through a series of tonic progressions. Blended together and placed end to end these tonic progressions spell a composition which is universal in scope, and which strangely moves the listener.

But is this Art? Exactly what has the artist expressed? The New Dealers, avid insisters that "Jazz is Art," attempt to justify the means through the success of the end. They argue that its appeal is universal — that everybody dances and is happy; viz. "Jazz is Art." The proper answer, however, is that modern dance music, closely allied with the cinema, is merely a psychological outlet, an escape from the disappointing realities of the day.

Then again who ever heard of a real work of art disappearing in three months? That is approximately the length of life of a popular song. The average popular song today con-



sists merely of a combination of chords meaning nothing.

The American public is vulnerable to gigantic publicity stunts. Given enough hullabaloo any project can be made a great success. Into this bracket falls the current and waning excitement about swing music. Attendant to its cyclical success has been that vast philosophical army of

Jitterbugs, Rug Cutters, Cats, Icky Blasters, Schmaltz Haters, who viciously assail all its derogatory critics. Out of a population of close to one hundred and thirty million Americans, there is not one who can define clearly what swing is, although all have probably at one time or another been rocked by its blasts. Even the ballyhooers give no definition.

Perhaps the only solace in this sea of delusion might be found in the not so popular tone poems, written in the jazz idiom. These tone poems, including compositions like those of Ferde Grofe, can be classed as art, but they depend on the interpretation of the director. In this type of poem the director is the keynote and the musicians are merely of secondary importance, as it is the idea as a whole which must be expressed.

The greatest misconceptions and most prevalent delusions of the swing addicts are their beliefs that the swing bands of Goodman, Dorsey, et.al. dispense art. Technically these bands are brilliant for they are composed of the finest jazz musicians of the country. Despite this technical perfection, the argument reverts to the music they are playing, which in itself expresses nothing. Therefore they themselves express no more art than our own Lehigh Collegians. Hank Greenberg hit fifty-eight home runs, but was it art?

If improvisation in music were employed by all musicians today, there would be no doubt that true art had at last invaded the field. In the true jam-session there is expression with a fixed definable meaning and purpose in the artist's projection.

This is realized in the "Blues." Here is found the only type of modern jazz in which the musician himself is the creator, and the music he plays his own expression or creation.

The "Blues" are best played by small intimate groups of four or five men. It is extremely important that the men know each other well for it is the individual conceptions and expressions along with the blend of the component parts which actually heighten the beauty of this form of musical art.

In dealing with the "Blues" the actual expression of the composition is what counts; rhythm is secondary. In direct contrast to this is the killer-diller swing music which concentrates



all its powers on the magic of its rhythm, totally ignoring the need of anything else.

Making predictions about the fate of jazz or anything else, as a matter of fact, is treading on treacherous ground. All current indications, however, seem to point to the future oblivion of this type of music.

It appears that this product of our civilization is destined to become merely an intellectual curiosity. People a hundred years from now will probably scoff at jazz, as we do at chastity belts. Jazz, as it has shown itself, appears to be stereotyped and too limited in its form to really last. Jazz has neither the depth nor the feeling nor the expression to keep alive. It is in these senses of comparison that we can comprehend the universality of "classical music" and can understand why people still listen to it.

The only salvation which appears left to modern jazz seems to be a reversion from the barren form of swing to the more esthetic possibilities of the "Blues" and the type of work which Raymond Scott is offering. Even this possibility can be hammered into the commonplace by our prolific hack artists.

TREADMILL

by Joe Boyle '39

He got away once, but not for long.
The obligations that came from within
were far too strong for him.
Born of the soil! Perhaps,
but not belonging.

*The time-set ways and steady diet
had sickened him beyond words.
His father, the old hypocrite,
squandered what little money he married
then swamped the place in mortgages.
Babbitry was not for him, but what a price.
Near the end of the splurge he tried
drowning his sorrows in the usual way,
failing miserably and heightening the grief
he had brought to his wife, (a thoroughly lovable
woman who lived a religion founded on forgiveness).
The deeper the old man got, the more pitiful she became.
The youngster, old enough to appreciate the waste
hated his father, but through her apparent weakness
loved his mother with a silent, subdued love
that found expression in the sacrifice
of turning back his hate.
His boyhood worries being premature,
made of him a man before his day.
Friends were unknown,—unwanted.
Earlier they would not have understood;
now they would laugh and say in their brusque
farmer fashion "Get out! Send something home."
and settling back against the store front
spit conclusively into the dust.*

*To all of them he must always remain
"a fella with a sour stomach, just settin
an speakin when he was spoke to."
Next to fooling around engines
his only interest was dime novels.
A good mechanic, he could fix up a cast-away Ford
and tote tomatoes with it season after season.
Periodically the roof of his diverted,
in-grown hate, would blow off
and mete itself out in a prolonged drunk
with chance drinking partners.
A woman now and then.*

Relief came dearly.
(Secrecy the seed of gossip
blossoms forth an ill-scented flower).
Bumping along behind the team
a sudden jolt would bring to mind
a flash of pain in his mother's face
at the mention of a neighbor's name.
Things would go black for a minute,
the horses would blunder foolishly.
He'd curse their hides
and think aloud that someday a tractor
would make a nice neat job of this same ground.

*The day has not come, at least for him,
and though he reads by electric light
and binges infrequently if at all;
he is older, not so impetuous
but much the same.*



GOING UP, UP, UP!

by David Hughes, '39

Howard Hippaker wandered slowly through his late Victorian living room. Hammer in hand, he moved with the aimless step of one to whom hanging a picture really matters. And why shouldn't it matter? Hippaker was an aesthete; a Super Soul; a Finer Being; what have you. His keen, sensitive face betrayed little of the struggle within. The picture had been his mother's. All her childhood she had cherished it. As a young bride it hung in her room. In her later years she had wanted to take it to bed with her. His father, a headstrong, practical man, had misunderstood. There had been complications. A sudden surge of remorse tore at him for a moment and was gone. Gone . . . he stood thoughtlessly gazing at the stepladder. Stepladderstepladderstepladder . . . there seemed to be some subtle meaning in the thing. Some meaning which he could feel but not translate to action. Then he had it. He himself had placed it there that very day; that very hour in fact. For a fleeting instant he saw clarified all the misty purpose that had born him to where he stood. With it he would mount, ascend, arise (he trembled violently) GO UP!

He put a timid foot on the first step. The room swam but with wistful renunciation he drew the other up beside it. The blood pounded in his brain and he clutched convulsively at the smooth-worn sides of the ladder. The ladder rocked slowly, with a sensuous rhythm that first excited and then calmed him. Suddenly he was cool and sure of himself. He looked around exultantly. Not since before his marriage had he felt this way. He began to climb; slowly at first and then as the sense of escape grew stronger, more rapidly. Already the room below was growing faint; the table sat spiderwise in front of an open hole that was the fireplace. He would never go back. His wife was back there; a well meaning woman; but she wouldn't let him breathe. He could never understand that. He had tried to breathe as little as possible and then only in places where it

wouldn't show. But she was never satisfied. He could feel her struggling with him. He had often thought to ask her why, but it slipped his mind; now it was too late—no matter. He thought of his mission; the picture; he had forgotten it. It lay on the piano, its gilt frame glinting in the sun. He was still clutching the hammer. It hampered his speed. With a gesture that was at once final and defiant he flung it from him and watched it float downward like an Alka-Seltzer tablet in a glass of water. (adv.) Then suddenly he was at the top.

He stood motionless, his eyes raised, his ears layed back, his teeth on edge. His whole being tense with the sight before him. There it was; the ceiling, laid out in the shape of a square. It was awfully big. He thrill-

ed to the awful bigness of it.

Then it happened, the thing that he had known would happen. She was standing down there calling to him. She wanted him to come and eat. She was always expecting him to do things like that. His heart seemed bursting with rage and grief as he started backwards down the ladder. He was bent nearly double with caution and it made his hips feel big and all out of proportion, but to his wife standing below he did not seem out of proportion. She always thought of him in just that way.

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PASSING THE BUCK

A Page of Exchanges

I Go Greek

"Mama," I say one day,
"I are Pi Pi Pi."

She look
She think I stutter,
If not I speak bad English
For why then I go college
I explain.

I are Pi Pi Pi.

She say I are nuts
Go call doctor
College may be make me sick
But I tell her

It are Greek Club
Frat

She say for why I join Greek club
I are American
She say college are funny place.

Next day

I come home in underwear
For why I do such thing
Ask mama

Maybe Greeks borrow my clothes
I tell her I am initiated
I need \$100

To become brother
Mother tells me I are brother
Have two sisters
She no understand.

I bring \$100

I are president of frat
We make membership campaign
We dig hole for trap
Find seven new members;

A dachshund
A 1922 Dodge
A Campus Cop
And four freshmen
We rush

We kill dachshund
Wound two frosh
Make big smoker
Trade Dodge in for \$41.19

It are make president to replace me.

I are mad
I quit
Insulted

And try join Magazine
They say no

So I join news
And write editorials
Down with Greeks who have maybe
Word for it, and maybe no.

—Voo Doo

Beneath the sod rests Mannie
They put him here today.
He lived the life of Reilly
While Reilly was away.

—Log

Father—If I ever catch you out
with my daughter again I'll shoot
you.

He—Well, I'll sure deserve it.

—Cougar's Paw

Friend

"Hello, Smith, you old heller."

"Hello, there—uh, meet my daughter."

"Oh yeah! And I suppose your
wife's at home!"

"That's right."

"And the children had to go to
school?"

"Yep."

"And you're just staying for the
game."

"Uh-huh."

"If you think I believe that, you
don't know your old pal Edwards.
Shake."

"What's the name? Edwards? Glad
to meet you."

—Froth.

"Dear folks: Please send four hun-
dred dollars at once; the school is
bankrupt and each student has to pay
double tuition. Kindly make the check
out to me. Your son, Elmer."

—Marion Tech

Father, Dear Father—

Grandpappy Morgan, a hill-billy of
the Ozarks, had wandered off into the
woods and failed to return to supper,
so young Tolliver was sent to look
for him. He found him standing in
the bushes.

"Gettin' dark, Grandpap," the tot
ventured.

"Yep."

"Suppertime, Grandpap."

"Yep."

"Ain't ye hungry?"

"Yep."

"Wal, air ye comin' home?"

"Can't."

"Why can't ye?"

"Standin' in a b'ar trap."

—Scott Institute

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Snake Job . . .

from page seven

"For you," she said, fishing in her handbag, "anything. Here's a dime." I got it changed and we passed through the turnstiles. George was beginning to get over his sulk. The boat came in and we walked aboard going straight through to the bow and standing outside against the gates. George appropriated Ann again and stood with his arm around her next to the rail.

"How'm I doing, Ray," she asked me flippantly.

"Pretty nice."

"George is a cuddler," she affirmed from the depths of one of his cuddles.

"God, you look innocent there," I told them. "Like babes in the woods."

"That's a line from *Personal Appearance*," Ann said, disentangling herself and moving to stand next to me at the gate.

"How does it go?" I encouraged.

"Well, the movie star says it about the kid who's going to have a baby. It goes," she changed to her stage manner, "'They were like little children, like mere babes in the woods.'" Her voice hardened and changed to the guttersnipe pitch. "'They should have stayed the hell out of the woods.'"

"Good, good delivery."

We leaned on the gate, three in a row.

"Look," I pointed to lights moving down river. "Two white lights, one above the other, that means a tug with a tow. And the green lights mean she has her starboard side toward us. That's the right side. Left is port and right is starboard. Jack left port. See, left port. That's how to remember it."

"Let's sit down," George suggested.

"We could sit on the chain," Ann pointed to the chain hung across in front of the automobiles. We moved over and sat on the sagging chain, Ann in the middle. We watched the dot-lighted Manhattan false fronts pass and heard the harbor water bubbling under the ferry's prow.

"The water looks nice," she observed.

"It looks nicer at night when you can't see the dirt in it," I said.

"A lot of things look nicer when you can't see everything about them," she told me in a low tone. I looked

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from page nineteen

at George but he hadn't heard her.

"Let's swing," George offered. He felt left out. We swung on the chain, back and forth until George's foot slipped. The thing moved forward as we, arms locked, moved backwards. We fell together, our legs still held up by the chain and the rest of us flat on the deck of the boat. I stood up laughing all over. George lay still and roared foolishly. I took Ann's arm.

"C'mon," I said, pulling to get her up the way she went down. "D'ya want these people in the car to think you ain't a lady."

"I don't care," she told me between spasms of laughter. "I don't want to be a lady. And I can't get up that way."

I changed my tactics. I lifted her feet off the chain and set them on the deck. I helped her up. George got up alone.

Two obviously college boys got out of the car with the lights and the horn. "Need a lift?" they asked.

"Oh, no," I assured them. "We can make out all right."

"You looked so charming there that we thought we might be able to help you with a ride," the bespectacled spokesman told Ann.

"I do that every night just for the fun," Ann assured them freezingly.

The two got back into their car.

The boat bumped into the slip. The gates were lifted and we walked on through the New York ferry house. George was regaining his ambitions.

"How about a drink?" he asked and he pointed to a nice looking little bar across from the World-Telegram building.

"These preliminaries," Ann drawled with her pseudo-sophisticated air, "they are so pointless and boring."

"Wadda ya want, the main bout?" I asked her, half grinning.

She grinned back at me.

"Good night," said George and he walked away from us, leaving Ann on my arm.

"I thought you were going to use approach number six," Ann told me as we walked toward the subway.

"The hell with this approach business," I told her, still grinning. "Time's 'awastin'."

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Analysis of War . . .

from page nine

the most habituated type of these maladjustive solutions. If that is to be avoided, plans must be laid, before a new crisis demands some immediate adjustment. Places to take hold to learn a way out are few. In the present situation, the principle most likely to be effective involves that of a greatly superior resisting force, whether that force is arrayed against war or against national and racial ambitions. However, I do make a distinction in regard to the uses to which military strength and preparations may be put. Strength may be used to dominate and coerce the weaker competitor, to his loss and to the advantage of the stronger. On the other hand, it may be used as a policing force to prevent another nation from misusing its military might, and to enforce the resolution of maladjustment by judicial and conciliatory machinery. In the present situation, that distinction, while important, may seem academic and thin. It needs clearer recognition. It requires, also international judiciaries and boards of conciliation to give it meaning. However, in spite of probable mixed motives and mixed settlements, I support a program of adequate military preparedness for the United States because the only solution that permits me to entertain any hope of really preventing war involves superior strength. I do not believe that the United States or any single nation will accept the responsibilities and costs of policing the world. Military alliances giving advance pledges of support in each and every emergency seem to me to be a set up for coercion and not for policing.

At present, the hope of collective action is small because powerful nations act with such haste that before others can combine for resistance to war, the war has begun, or surrender to the threat of war has been effected. A technique of coercion utilizes the factor of speed. This timing factor is so important that a general war is more likely to occur than is its aviodance.

The problem of an attitude to take facing the immediate threat of war puts one in a most difficult position. One is confronted by the horns of a dilemma. On Villard's page in "The Nation" for November 5, 1938, he offers one alternative based on the high value of democracy, decency, and humanity. I accept the principle of

superior strength, because I feel that there is more chance of blocking war and with less potential risks. The possibility of its success lies in basic mechanisms in the individual that have enabled him as an individual to survive just such impossible adjustmental situations.

When confronted by such a situation, the individual is rapidly prepared for the unusual emergency by his emotional mechanisms. Prerequisite to the speed and intensity of his attitudinal shifts, bodily launched through the sympathetic division of his autonomic nervous system, and these are maintained by sustaining hormone control communicated through the blood stream. Delays to obtain the best attitude or even to learn a good solution are shunted out, and some solution in an habitual or extreme pattern gets a clear go ahead signal.

Within the national grouping, a similar mechanism is provided. The news and radio organizations are available to act as the sympathetic nerves to set in motion these shifts, and the national defense acts are available to support resistances. Beyond this, namely, in the international field, nothing comparable to the defense acts has been developed. This need not mean chaos, for, ultimately, such group mechanisms rely on the emergency mechanisms of the individual. If these supportive mechanisms fail, the larger groupings fail. The threat of war might well be expected to arouse emotions, which will produce quick shifts to extreme attitudes, and inhibit restraining influences such as distrust of possible allies, or bargaining to ensure essential guarantees, and critical weighing of attendant risks.

That such shifts entail huge risks must be recognized; they also, if mobilized with sufficient speed, might block both war and surrender. They bring back an expectancy, at least for the period of emergency, of abridgement of constitutional guarantees, of governmental dictatorships, and loss of individual liberty. This is no solution for the indomitable stickler for high values, be he a complete pacifist, lover of personal liberty, or advocate of laissez-faire. If we can take such risks, it must be because we find them preferable to the continuance of impenetrable barriers to world adjustment, the breakdown of justice and treaties, the abnormal fear that demands diverting the world's re-

sources to armament, and the slavish spirit of submission to coercion.

If the situation in an emergency suggested the probability that war could be stopped by a superior resistant force, I would take the risks, because I believe that this is the lesser of the alternatives. I believe, too, that the risks are less than might be imagined, for we greatly fear war, and we will, in any following period of readjustment, strongly resist losing values we must surrender for the period of the emergency. On the other hand, if we choose high values and mild attitudes in such an emergency, we have no guarantee that the intolerable situation will not remain, nor that we can ultimately escape war or the loss of those values.

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Guns for Felipe . . .

from page fourteen

forces for tomorrow's conflict. I regret that I must leave the pleasant hospitality of your splendid ship."

"My heart bleeds," I replied, with the same courtesy that he was showing, "when I think that we must part."

"Farewell, my true friend."

"Farewell." I clasped his hand and then watched him step over the side into his boat. Amando remained on board to inspect the rifles as we brought them out, but the other officers went with the general. As Santanio's canoe disappeared into the darkness, another dugout took its place, ready to load with guns.

Jose bent his knees and sat down behind his hidden gun. Pedro stripped off the hatch tarp and got ready to lift off the cover. I maneuvered Amando squarely in front of the machine gun and then helped Pedro to open the hatch. As Pedro lowered himself into the hold, another dugout moved into the light of the lantern that still hung in the shrouds.

"One boat at a time," I told Amando, and Jose reached under his tarp. The colonel understood and he waved the other canoe back. Pedro threw up a case of rifles. I pulled it over the hatch coaming and ripped it open with a hand axe. Amando chose a gun at random, snapped open the breech, looked down the barrel, and gave it a quick inspection. Then he



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Guns for Felipe . . .

nodded his head and I nailed on the lid and lowered the case to the men in the dugout.

We went through the whole cargo that way. As one canoe was loaded, it would go to shore and the other would take its place. On shore they were counting the rifles, and after the last load was landed, a canoe came out with a bag with the second half of the money for the guns. Amando took the bag and handed it to me. He turned to go, but I stopped him.

"One minute, colonel," I said. "You may have overpaid me. Let us count the silver."

"Certamente, as you say," he said with poor grace.

I took the bag aft to the wheel, lit another lantern, and rang and tested each coin as I had before. The count was correct and I had bade Amando a sweet farewell. He responded with a grunt and stepped into his waiting boat. I put out both our lights as Pedro started hauling in on the anchor.

Tony came up from below when he heard the sound of the chain and went forward to help Pedro. This was the crucial moment. The boys on shore could very easily blow us out of the water if they felt like it. The only thing we could do was to get out of that river as fast as we could. I stepped back to the wheel and started the engines, keeping them out of gear.

"Anchor's aweigh," Tony shouted, and I let in the clutch and threw over the wheel. The ship heeled around slowly as I prayed that the river was wide enough. Our bow came around until I figured that it had it pointed straight down stream. The men on shore didn't make a sound. The anchor struck the mouth of the hawse in the bow with a clank that nearly frightened me into falling flat on the deck.

Pedro appeared and silently took the wheel away from me. The propeller churned under the counter, driving us toward the sea. From the bow I could hear tappings as Tony and Jose made the hatch cover fast. I stood beside Pedro in the stern until we were well out of earshot of the trustworthy Santanio and his army. It was still dark when I took the second bag of money from the binnacle locker and went below to stow it.

I opened the bag on the cabin table and took out one of the coins. I rubbed

it reflectively between my fingers, making a quick mental calculation of how much of the money would come to me for my share in the venture. I poured out a heap of the silver dollars. They sparkled attractively in the cabin light. Then I looked more carefully at them. One had a small yellow dent in it. I took out my case knife and scraped the gleaming surface.

Small silvery flakes fell to the table top, and the yellow of copper lay exposed in the knife grooves. I scraped another coin and another, I took out the first bag of money that they had given us and scraped those dollars. They were all counterfeit. Santanio had tricked me with silver-plated copper. The design on the coin was a good reproduction of the real thing, but if I had been more careful, I could have seen the forgery.

I dropped the coins back into the bags. We could replate them and use them as legal tender later. I wasn't as angry at the little general as I should have been for I thought of how surprised Santanio's army was going to be in the crucial battle the next day. You see, the Federals had paid us well to take the firing pins out of our delivery of rifles.



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Disc Data . . .

from page five
mood, being a typical dance tune with some good Dorseying again. The ensembles are nearly perfect with the saxes shining. This is sweet stuff that even we have to like. Nice work, Jimmy.

Brunswick's best white combination swings back into action with a couple of commercials, *You're A Sweet Little Headache*; *I Have Eyes*. *This is Madness*; *Who Blew Out The Flame*? Red is another contribution to the ranks of the underrated, but they sure can do tricks with those icky tunes. Their subtle phrasing and beautiful moody solos give a lift even to the dreamy pop tunes. Terry Allen comes in for some honors for a change with a swell vocal in *Eyes*. Too bad he has to stack up against Mrs. Red because she's just as good in *Madness* and *Flame*. Special note; if you've missed Mildred's vocal on *My Reverie*, you ain't lived yet. Also worthy of mention is the sax's work and a clarinet (probably D'Amico's).

We have to take back what we've said about Benny in the beginning of our column about losing his lift after we've listened to his *Blues in Your Flat*; *Blues in My Flat* by the quartet and *Margie*; *Russian Lullaby* by the band. He certainly is on the ball on the quartet sides in both his solos and the background work. Not bad either are the full band sides with the boys showing indications of coming out of their slump. James and Elman come in for honors in *Margie* and *Lullaby* respectively. Please, Victor, let him quit making commercials and cut loose with some gutbucket— just for

page twenty-seven, please



"I told him not to chew bubble gum.
He's got dyspepsia!"

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THE DEVIL WITH POLITICS

from page four

—A shoddy campaign promise. He'll never be able to afford it.

—What do you want—egg in your beer? What else do you have to offer for the American Public? You'll have to do better than that.

—Why then, I shall ply them with women and wine and song. I have all the resources of the underworld at my disposal.

—A fat chance you'll have, small fry. First of all, the use of women as a means to get votes is still considered unethical and besides that you're forgetting women suffrage.

—And you, my fat ignorant friend, forget that I have an infamous supply of distilled liquors that will take away the resistance of men.

—Listen here, my small-time sin peddler, you can go to any two-bit ox-roast and get all the beer you can drink for nothing and you won't get a hang-over.

—All you can drink for nothing? Where is this?

—Take any country road, turn to the right, and listen for "Happy Days

Are Here Again."

—Well, well, well, I confess I knew nothing of the magnanimity of your country's politicians.

—I don't know what you just said, brother, but these boys ain't giving anything away for nothing. You'll be seeing a lot of them in a number of years.

—That's hardly encouraging. But I have other connections.

—Such as?

—I have still a good many friends at my late residence and I can promise to any of my constituents the right to a halo when he dies.

—Ha! There's a fellow up in Harlem that guarantees a halo and heaven as soon as you join his party—no waiting for the undertaker. You can get fried chicken every day and a beautiful view cross the river.

—I can promise them peace forever and eternal.

—That's a standard item in this country. Don't you realize that this country is bounded on two sides by impossible oceans and on the other two sides by friendly nations for now and all time.

—But how can your country remain apart from the rest?

—Sssshhh!

—All right, then, I shall promise them a war of victory.

—It's a little too early for that. We haven't recovered from our last war of victory. Preserving the world for democracy is an expensive proposition.

—I could say that I'm in the side of labor.

—Oh NO! you can't do that. You'd lose all your support.

—On the side of capital!

—You'd lose all your labor votes.

—I'd stand for honest government.

—Ha! No one would believe you.

—I'd advocate a strong central government!

—You couldn't get away with that. We don't want a dictator.

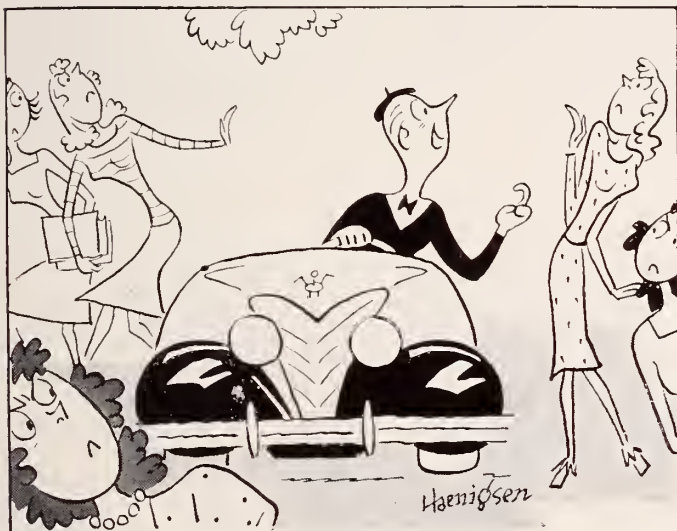
—Strong individual rights!!

—We don't want no truck with anarchists.

—But I can't support both sides of all these questions.

—Oh yes you can. The trouble with you is, Satan, you're too damned honest.

Here our plump hero stopped his discourse and turned to observe a passing ankle. Before he could regain his composure he heard a curious giggle and, turning around, he saw his tall friend go skipping down the street and inadvertently fall into a manhole.



Poor Ned was rich, but he had no pals.
His breath drove off both the boys and gals,
Then someone slipped him some Cyst-O-Mints,
And Ned's been popular ever since!



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MAN IS CLOSER to heaven than he has ever been before.

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It's a bitter commentary on the world we live in. But it's also a frightening one. For today's bombings give

clear evidence that there are no more barriers, no more refugees, no more isolated areas. Evidence, too, that *we* no longer can sit smugly and serenely enveloped in a mythical cloak of *isolation*.

* * *

If general war comes, we have a slim chance of staying out of it—and just as slim a chance of avoiding slaughter from the heavens.

The one hope is to work for peace

now. There is no time to lose, no effort to be spared, no decent human to be excused from the job.

Naturally, we need all the help we can get. So if you agree with us that another war will bankrupt America—physically, morally and economically—we invite you and urge you to write to us.

Send your letter to WORLD PEACEWAYS, 103 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

Disc Data . . .

from page twenty-four

the cats, huh?

Duke Ellington continues his recent fine recording work with two new disks. *Buffet Flat*; *Mighty Like The Blues* (Br.) and by Johnny Hodges (Vo.) *The Jeep is Jumpin*; *Prelude To A Kiss*. Barney Bigard's wailing clarinet and Rex Stewart's trumpet highlight *Mighty* backed by an elegant Ellington arrangement. *Buffet* is in the groove with some swell mute work by Cootie Williams. Hodges cuts an even deeper groove in *Jeep*. *Kiss* features some perfectly beautiful work by Hodges and a fair Mary McHugh vocal.

Bob Crosby (Decca) cut a honey of a Dixieland disk, *Louise, Louise*; *Wolverine Blues*. Eddie Miller, on clarinet, and Ray Bauduc are featured on the latter. Irvin Fazola steals the real honors with a beautiful clarinet solo in *Louise*. His intonation is well nigh perfect. The woodwinds as a whole are perfect examples of harmonious Dixieland. For the first time in a long while the band exhibits real relaxation and less evidence of forced arrangements. When the Dixie cats are right, they sizzle—and they are plenty hot right now.

Tommy Dorsey seems to be heading back on the right road in view of his recent acquisition of Yank Lausen

and Charley Spivack from the Crosby crew. Both, aided by Tommy, highlight the three new Dorsey disks, *Rainbow Round The Moon*; *Stompin' At The Stadium*, *Carolina Moon*, By The Clambake Seven, *You Must Have Been A Beautiful Baby*, *Sailing At Midnight*. Best of the three is *Carolina* which recovers some of that old Dorsey sock. It also gains much from contrast as it is backed by Sammy Kaye's version of the same number. *Sailing* is a very pretty number featuring an equally pretty Dorsey solo. Spivak and Lausen save *Moon* and *Baby* respectively soon as the Dorsey boys let loose with a little more drive we'll talk some more.

Biggest and best cheerful note of the month is the first good Louis Armstrong disk in ages. *I Can't Give You Anything But Love*; *Ain't Misbehavin'*. His singing is good as ever with some *real* getoffs on the trumpet. The hand backing is even good. Here's hoping we'll get some more stuff along this line, Decca.

One rising vote of thanks to Glenn Miller and the boys for two swell disks, *My Reverie*; *King Porter Stomp*, *Indian Love Call* (Bl.) (two sides). Swell arranging plus some savage trumpet and sax work in *Love* and *Porter* respectively. Glenn is a cross between a good Tommy Dorsey and Larry Clinton. His arranging is much sought after and no one can surpass his arrangements for the brass.

Album of the month is *Symphony No. 5, In E Flat Major* (A Sibelius, Op. 82), *Pohjola's Daughter* (Sibelius, Op. 49) Victor, by Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky.

Some critics hold that Sibelius is incomparably the greatest composer since Beethoven, and some even assert that he is greater. That is not for us to decide, but we can say that the American music public is certainly interested in his works and they approach a top rank in their estimation. The Fifth Symphony of Sibelius is

over, please

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Malloy

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Disc Data . . .

from page twenty-seven

one of the greatest and most popular works. This recording is not the first but we may say that it is probably the best, as there is a warm sympathy between Dr. Koussevitzky and Sibelius, and the Boston Orchestra is certainly able enough technically. The music itself has drama, melodic interest and beautiful instrumental color that distinguishes the best of this composer's work. The technical acoustics of this work are marvelous, every detail of the woodwinds and brass are brought out and the orchestra seems to get itself behind its work. This is one work that surely deserves a place in your library.

Columbia presents an album for the lovers of Debussy *Nocturnes (Nauges-Fetes Sirens) in and 7 pts.; Fanfare and Dukas Fanfares* by D. E. Inghelbrecht conducting the Or-

wrote "a set of impressionist tone pictures calling forth sensations which up to then had been powerless to intrepert." This exactly describes the compositions and the renditions leave nothing to be desired.

Special notice should be called to *The Magic Flute—Overture (Mozart)* by Arturo Toscanini and the B. B. C. Symphony Orchestra. This record reveals the true genius of this orchestra and should be a welcome addition to your library.

Cab Calloway (Vo) does some high class yelling on his new disks but it sort of breaks up the swing. Erskine Hawkins (Bl.) has a swell disk in *King Porter Stomp; Weary Blues*. Trumpet is noteworthy. Bunny Berigan is alternately hot and cold in *Livery Stable Blues; High Society. Let This Be A Warning To You; Father Dear Father*. (V.) Buddy Rich on drums is solid. Edgar Hayes exhibits drive and a good baritone in



"Be sure to get da library in it. Dat'll give it a cultural angle."

chestra Des Festivals Debussy. This is the only complete recording of the work that is available domestically. Inghelbrecht studied at the Paris Conservatory where he came under the influence of Debussy and knew him well in his last years and as a result is able to give a fine interpretation to his works. Besides being a conductor of note M. Inghelbrecht has a reputation as a composer. Of these *Nocturnes*, M. Purieres in his tribute to Debussy, states that the composer

Shindig (D) Nan Wynn is better than ever in *Gandy Dancer; Think it Over (V)* Teddy Grace and a swell combination highlight *Crazy Blues; Love Me Or Leave Me (D)*

Larry Clinton does a smooth job with *Who Blew Out The Flame (V)* Bea Wain gets better and better. She's acquiring polish now. Connie Boswell sings well without dressing in *Heart and Soul; Summer Souvenirs. (D)*.



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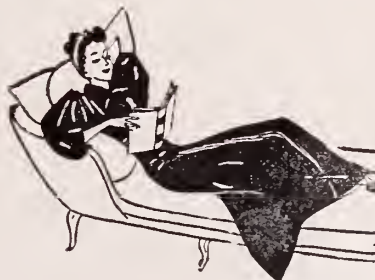
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A woman in a nautical outfit, including a white sailor's cap and a dark blue pinstriped jacket, stands on a grassy shore. She holds a large white flag with a red border that reads "They Satisfy" in a large, elegant script. The background features a tropical scene with a palm tree, a blue body of water, and a small boat. In the foreground, a large pack of Chesterfield cigarettes is visible, with several packs of cigarettes fanned out in front of it. The pack is white with green and gold accents, and the word "Chesterfield" is prominently displayed in green. The cigarettes are labeled "Chesterfield CIGARETTES" and "200".

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